

THE
EAST INDIA CULPRITS.

A P O E M.

IN IMITATION OF

SWIFT'S "LEGION CLUB."

(By an Officer, who was present at the BATTLE of PLASSEY.)

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MDCCLXXIII

EAST INDIA CULPRITS, &c.

WHAT can mean this mighty noise,
Echo'd by the general voice ;

Thence re-echo'd by the nation,

Of East-India speculation ?

Scarce a daily Gazetteer

But recoils it on my ear ;

Scarce a face that meets my eye,

But confirms it with a sigh ;

Yet with all this mighty gabble,

Spok'n of by the great, and rabble

B

Ev'ry

Ev'ry *Culprit* sleeps in quiet,

Heedless of the Public riot.

Satire, if thou'lt be obedient,
Surely thou hast some expedient!

How to ferret out this crew

To the injur'd public's view;

Apropos! suppose we call

In our walks to *Leadenhall*,*

Time, and place are in thy pow'r,

There we'll sit for half an hour;

As a member you'll conduct me,

I shall ask, do thou instruct me.

Take their features then, says satire,

I will be thy nomenclator.

Justice is my common care,

'Tis her wish I should not spare.

* The East-India House, Leadenhall-street.

Who has that ill-natur'd goal-look ?
 Is it Satan ? No—'tis C—ke.
 How can you be so uncivil
 Thus to vilify the Devil ?
 Though his hoof, and horns describe him,
 Certainly you now must gibe him ;
 For with all his hellish tricks,
 (Here, or t'other side of Styx,)
 Satan is not so opprobrious,
 All comparisons are odious.
 Could his scurvy mind all tainted,
 Bear his vices to be painted,
 What a list could I produce
 Such as Hell had ne'er in use ;
 Now combining in monop'lies,
 Now retailing scraps of lott'ries,
 Now giving India stock a flux,
 Now shooting at Change-Alley ducks,

Now

Now prowling without shame, or dread,
 On the widows—orphans bread,
 Betraying, with intent direct,
 Ev'ry right he should protect.
 Next in pow'r, † as next in favour,
 (Ev'ry th—f has his receiver)
 See, where S—l—n appears,
 Grey in office, as in years.
 Mark how graciously he bows,
 To pledge whate'er his *chief* avows !
 Should the latter broach a *lye*
 Of the damn'd, deepest die,
 Though he knew, *in half a year*
 Ev'ry proof would thick appear,
 Yet, *with eyes up to the roof*,
 The readier to confirm the proof,
 And *his hand upon his breast*,
 He would consecrate the test.

† Mr. S—l—n, was Deputy Chairman at this time.

Pious chairman ! void of rage,
 Thus to smoothe the bed of age,
 Give up honour, truth, and reason,
 Upon ev'ry prompt occasion ;
 And for love of such a friend,
 prostitute thy latter end :
 Surely this is christian charity,
 Thus to hang together in am'ty !

Satire smoke that Buckram fool
 Whose ev'ry motion's made by rule,
 Whose *leaden* eye, and *dewlap'd* jowl
 Mark the vacuum of his soul !
 Who is he ? 'Tis Pompous C—b—n,
 With whom no virtue e'er did sojourn ;
 On whom no sprightly, social hour
 Ever shed its kindred pow'r ;
 Leagu'd in schemes as foul as storms,
 C—b—ke *plans*, and he *performs* ;

C

Which

Which, as partners, they unite
 To give the world a mutual bite.
 Thus oft two vagabonds conspire
 To aid the mis'ries of a fire,
 The one at distance marks the prey,
 Whilst t'other snatches it away;
 Yet both next hour divide the spoils,
 The purchase of their ruffian toils.

Bless us P---g ! Art thou there man ?
 Who d'ye mean ? Why former chairman, †
 Chairman to that damn'd committee,
 Who fans dread, or shame, or pity,
 Swore (like Jugglers o'er their tricks)
 That every *two* and *two* made *five*;

† Mr. P. was Ch—n in the year 1771, when he declared the Company could divide 12½ per cent. though the acceptance they were under, at the same time, of bills from Bengal, and other matters, reduced them in less than a year to lower their dividend to 6 per cent. and apply to Government for a loan of 1,500,000l. which in all probability will be the ruin of the Company.

That

That *calculations* all were vain,
 The produce of a *madman's* brain;
 That Plenty with her cup run o'er
 In heaps of *goods*, and heaps of *ore*;
 That the *Duannee Revenues*,
 Were a countless pile of guineas;
 Which nor present wants, nor plunder
 Could for ages yet get under.
 Yet behold this golden scheme,
 Vanish'd like a morning dream,
 Rascals fatten'd on the fall
 Whilst the widow lost her all.

Deluded man! ambitious P---g,
 Where hast thou a hole to turn in?
 What avails thy late pretence
 To discretion, or good sense?
 What that Commerce was thy mother,
 Will it depredation smother?

When

When, like an ungrateful varlet,
 You thus treat her like a harlot:
 Treat thyself too less than man,
 By pimping for a gambling clan.
 Can thy feat within St. Stephen §
 Think'st thou, make all matters even?
 Will it stop the voice of right
 Crying with a giant's might?
 Will it hush the orphan's moan,
 Or recover him his loan?
 Will it soothe the pangs of conscience
 On a late death-bed repentance?

Come, says satire, we'll retire,
 Here you've seen what you desire;
 If you need would know the rest,
 I must take you to the West;

§ A ministerial borough he was complimented with about this time.

To.

To a more important station,
 The great council of the nation;
 Yet where heedless of the place,
 Ev'ry rascal shews his face,
 Fearless of, or shame, or his guilt,
 As a drover would at Smithfield.

Surely satire, in a flurry,
 You've run o'er things hurry, scurry!
 Don't you see what num'rous scores,
 Still remain within these doors;
 Why I've scarcely seen a sample,
 Not enough for an example?
 Hang them paltry, pimping tools,*
 Form'd of cautious knaves, and fools;
 Kept like hounds, as seasons suit,
 To yelp at honour, justice, truth,

* The author here only speaks of the late *majorities*, there being many honourable exceptions to this character, both inside and outside the bar.

Whipp'd in by I---p---y, S---th, or H---ges,
 (Who's e'er the venal, dirty job is)
 Fasten'd in Corruption's tethers,
 Let them *creep* and *vote* together;
 They're too low for me to gibe 'em,
 Not a manly vice describes 'em.

Now plac'd beneath St. Stephen's roof,
 (By help of Pegasus, his hoof)
 Satire here, though in *perdue*,
 Re-assum'd her usual cue.

Near yon spiral pillar plac'd,
 By his vulgar visage trac'd,
 Where *rage* and *av'rice* jointly strive,
 Sits the Nabob plund'ring C---ve, †
 In *Yaghires* to his countless store,
 See Asia's golden tide runs o'er!

† Though this noble Lord, as well as the subsequent character, were not apparently concerned in the *immediate* misfortunes of the Company, yet their *former unaccounted peculations* justly entitle them to rank as "East-India Culprits."

Whilst gracious G—— for all his pains
 In knocking out poor Indians brains,
 Justly gives the blushing meed *
 Memorial of each bloody deed.

Prythee, Satire, keep him further,
 Still his ranc'rous looks breathe murder;
 Sure with such a scowling yawn,
 'Twas he butcher'd *Alli Caron*.
 But hark! He's up in his defence
 Patience honour! justice! sense!
 When with such a *heart and brains*,
 He durst enter ~~the~~ domains;
 When with such a brazen front,
 He durst ever think upon 't;
 Yet behold! What damn'd abuses,
 Gold, all pow'rful gold produces!
 Though the pettifogging thief,
 Pilf'ring for the day's relief

* Red ribband.

In

In terror earns his scanty board,
 And ends his mis'ry by a cord,
 C----ve, by boldly *stealing more*,
Safely revels in his store.

Meditating on this thought
 " How protection could be bought !"
 And th' effects of speculation,
 On this much insulted nation,
 Straight the cry of *honour* rung
 From a distant member's tongue
 " Who is 't."---pas'd along the gall'ry †
 Lo ! S---ke's appear'd ! and all was *raillery* †

Worthy offspring of a barber,
 Squeez'd 'twixt powder-puffs, and lather !
 Has this *honour* virtue's seal ?
 Or is 't the species which you feel ?

† When Mr. S——, was charged with the embezzlement of the *motut* duties in the House of Commons, he talked loudly of his *honour*, which was look'd upon as so vague a defence from *him* that the House instantly set up a loud laugh.

Was it *honour* made thee roam
From thy miserable home ?
Was it *honour* made thee rob
First in every wicked job ;
No matter what, for all would suit,
Whether *beetel*, or *mottut* ?
Was it *honour* made thee fly
From thy proper destiny,
When the Indians, up in strife,
Had determin'd on thy life ?
Or was't *honour* brought thee here,
Thus to huff, and domineer ?
Hence then vagrant, cease thy brawling,
Re-assume thy father's calling ;
Sulk within thy native shed,
Earn for *once* some *honest bread* ;
Nor suppose your late vocation,
E'er will militate this station ;

Eno mudi exoup?

(Trust

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 "Who is 't."---pas'd along the gallery.
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Be true to thyself

(Trust

(Trust me here I'm not thy foe Sir)
Hence you'll learn to *trim* the closer,

Here, says Satire, I desist
Now you've seen the odious list :
Who, without, or dread, or shame,
Realiz'd the *South Sea scheme* ;
Taking, in the general hawl,
WIDOWS, ORPHANS, PAUPERS all.

Come then, equal-blooded JUSTICE !
In whose hands the public trust is !
Come, with all thy truth and might,
Do the injur'd public right ;
For thine own sake, well as Pity's
Crush the specious *two Committees* ;
Webs of *ministerial* make,
To let a brother thief escape,
Here the knaves are in a pack,
Squeeze them out of ev'ry lack ;

Hunt

(15)

Hunt them, on this just occasion,
Through each doubling, each evasion :
And when stript of ev'ry farthing,
Naked as their deeds deserving,
Give them to the world in samples,
Not as *patterns*—but *examples*.

F I N I S